

The Children's Newspaper, February 13, 1943

TEN BLACKS AND A BAG OF GOLD

It must surely have occurred to Mr Roosevelt that it was fitting that Africa should be the springboard from which the powers of darkness should be overcome.

Let those who will have fiction have it, but never yet was fiction half so strange as fact. It is to Africa, the old Slave Continent, that Europe turns to escape from slavery after all its centuries of civilisation and power.

Not far away down the African coast as the President and the Premier sat in council were descendants of the African slaves in American uniforms, come back to their homeland to fight for freedom. Not far away from the scene of that historic council was the place where, just five hundred years ago, the traffic in slaves was born.

Man's Inhumanity to Man

The Portuguese were exploring the coast, and one of their officers, having captured some Moors, was astonished to find that he could get ten blacks and a bag of gold dust for them. It was a revelation. They set up ports along the coast and started the slave trade, in 1443. It was the beginning of the darkest chapter in the story of man's inhumanity to man. Slaves became the chief export of Africa.

Once before it had been one man and thirty pieces of silver that betrayed the world; now it was ten blacks and a bag of gold.

In all our history is nothing more pathetic than the hunting and buying and selling of these poor blacks. Torn from their homes, their villages set on fire to force them out, they were flung into little ships as if they were heaps of stones, and if there were too many on board the unwanted ones were thrown into the sea.

We have good reason to be ashamed of our own part in all this, for old Sir John Hawkins, Drake's cousin and Armada hero, was as great a villain as ever hunted slaves. He was the first Englishman to go into the trade, and would creep along the coast of Africa, stealing men and women or buying them with rum, and taking them in horrible ships to Columbus's New World, where he sold them like cattle. Strange that men should not know what to do with new worlds when they find them. America was a market for slaves, Australia was a prison house for convicts. The great Queen Elizabeth went down to the docks to bless the slave ships of John Hawkins.

A Shameful Trade

For 200 years the traffic went merrily on, perhaps the most profitable business under royal patronage. In the 17th century British ships carried and sold three million slaves, and it is known that at least a quarter of a million were thrown overboard alive or dead. In the middle of the 18th century Liverpool had 87 slave ships, Bristol 157, and London 135. Nobody thought it a shameful thing till the Quakers protested, and for a hundred years their protests were in vain. Great families grew rich by tearing blacks from their homes in Africa and carrying them to unknown lands. Handcuffs for slaves, with chains and iron collars, were sold in every ship-chandler's shop, and when Samuel Crompton's spinning-jenny set the cotton

mills humming the cry for more cotton was answered in the cotton fields by the cry for more slaves.

One of the most remarkable chapters in the story of the slaves is that in which the Stuart Judge Jeffreys sold into slavery hundreds of prisoners who came before him. He would bestow them on Court favourites or sell them at £10 or £15 apiece. They were stowed down in the holds of small ships and never allowed on deck. Armed sentinels with blunderbusses watched over them, and week after week they lay on the top of each other, suffocating, moaning, dying. Of 99 in one ship 22 were thrown to the sharks before they reached Jamaica; the rest arrived as skeletons. A biscuit and foul water was all they had for a meal.

We ask ourselves in these days how it is that the German people can endure the cruelties that are done in their name, and perhaps it may be that they are generations behind in the moral development of mankind. For 200 years ago it was rare to find an Englishman who cared much about his country's guilt for the slave trade. We were not less ruthless with the blacks than Hitler is with the Jews. William Cowper was the first of our poets to plead passionately for these slaves, yet his great friend John Newton had been a hunter of slaves and had crammed them into ships, on which he held religious services while they languished in chains. It never occurred to him for a moment that a slave should be free, or that there was anything wrong in selling him or drowning him.

Voices in the Wilderness

Through strange ways we have come. The Church which believed that Christ died for all forgot the slaves. The framers of the American Constitution who believed that all men are equal forgot the slaves. Men who would not willingly hurt a fly would buy a slave and own him as they owned a horse. We come upon the graves of slaves in our little English churchyards, which happily did not deny their shelter to them.

But the voices in the wilderness were being heard—the voices of Zachary Macaulay, of Granville Sharp, of Thomas Clarkson, and at last of William Wilberforce; and the day came when no slave could breathe in England or under our flag. For a hundred years and more our flag has been the hope of every slave on earth; and has swept the traffic out of Africa and off the sea.

Across the Atlantic all this time the vested interest in slavery had grown beyond all bounds. There were four million slaves in the cotton States, worth in the market perhaps five hundred million pounds, and the Constitution had passed them by. But the voices in the wilderness were raised against this thing—the voices of William Lloyd Garrison printing his paper in his attic, driven through the streets with his clothes torn from his back; of Emerson and Longfellow, and Whittier and Whitman, all preparing the way for Uncle Tom's Cabin and Old John Brown, and at last for Abraham Lincoln, who had promised that if ever he had the power he would hit this thing hard. He had the power and he hit it hard, but the price America paid was a Civil War with a million dead or broken men.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3dPOSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 3d
No 1247

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postman Sets a Village Free

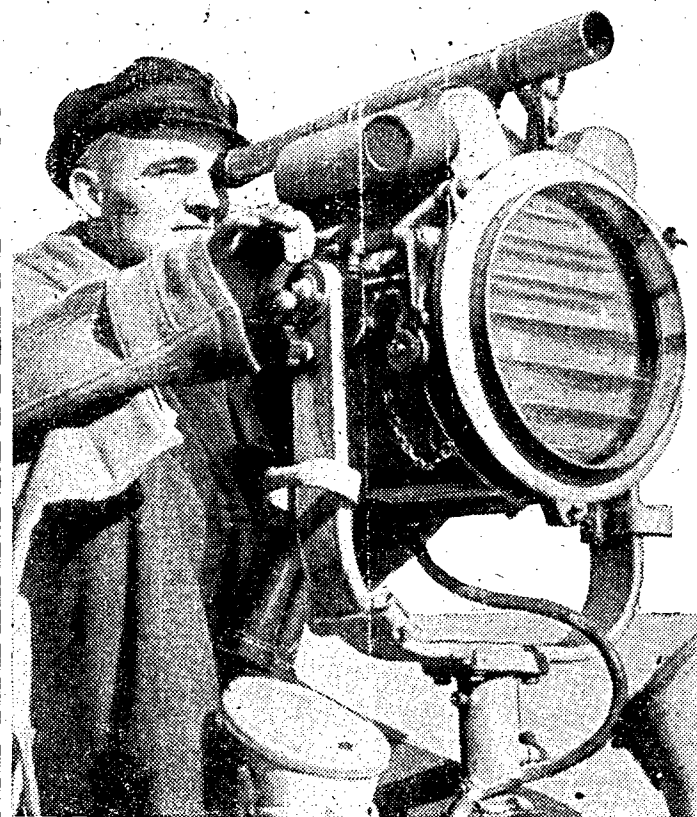
A LETTER from Chungking tells how Chinese ingenuity succeeded in getting thousands of parcels of books from Shanghai into Free China.

Early last year the Christian Literature Society in Shanghai hopefully dispatched many of its books to Kaifeng, still in Occupied China, trusting that some means would be found of getting them through the Japanese lines into Free China. The postman at Kaifeng was a Christian. He knew a little village called Chungmu on the banks of the

Yellow River—on the north bank, in fact, and therefore in Occupied China. He arranged for some of his friends to dig at night and alter the channel of the river, so that one morning when they woke up the inhabitants of Chungmu found themselves on the south bank of the river, and so in Free China!

Then, of course, the books could be posted to Chungmu, which appeared on the Japanese maps as in Japanese-controlled territory, and from there they were sent to Chungking.

The Yeoman of Signals



A destroyer's Yeoman of Signals keeping in touch with other vessels in convoy

Continued from the previous column

For four hundred years the two greatest evils in the world flourished side by side—War, in which men were led to the slaughter like lambs, and Slavery, in which men and women were hunted like wolves and sold like cattle. War has given history some of its most glowing and heroic pages; Slavery has provided some of its most poignant chapters. Both evils have gripped the world like an octopus and filled men with despair that they could ever be ended. But both are doomed and will become mere memories in the struggle for the redemption of mankind.

By war a maniac has sought to bring back slavery and enchain the human race; but it is not slavery that will come back—it is war that will go. These foul things will never walk the earth again. We have lived through the saddest generation of humanity, but we shall see the dawn of the noblest age that ever opened for our human pilgrimage, and, seeing it pass, we shall be strengthened in our faith that

*Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch upon his own.*

Arthur Mee

NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS SPEAK

From a New York Correspondent

It has been my privilege to attend one of the most inspiring dinners in New York, given by the Council for American Unity in celebration of the Nobel Anniversary. A dozen winners of the Nobel Prize had come together to tell us what they think about the war and the peace to follow. I am sure the C N will enjoy a few quotations from their speeches.

Pearl Buck, author of *The Good Earth*, spoke first. "We know now what we could not know a year ago," she declared.

"We know that the war between the United Nations and the Axis is only the beginning of the real war between the principles of Democracy and the principles of Fascism. We know that this war has no geographical boundaries.

"The victory over the Axis does not mean the victory over Fascism, and you and I must know this.

"Only by acknowledging it can we do our part to save civilisation for all humanity. *What shall we do?* Now as never before we who believe in liberty of the mind and freedom of the body must speak, again and again, regardless of the danger to ourselves. If we do not make this war into a war for freedom we shall lose freedom; without which life is worthless. If freedom must be lost, then let us lose it boldly, still speaking what we know to be true and not in the timidity of silence. For us words are weapons."

Then Thomas Mann, the German author, spoke:

"I belong to a people whose relationship with the world has always been difficult, and has degenerated today into a horrible, mortal, almost incurable antagonism," he said. "Not that the Germans lack an urge to unite with the rest of the world, but they have reached a point at which they are incapable of visualising this union in any form other than that of the violent overthrow of the rest of the world; unable or unwilling to accept the world, they commit the folly of drawing it into war, in order to make it German."

Worsley of the Antarctic

THE gallant New Zealander, Commander Frank Worsley, lived in his three-score years and ten a life that epitomises every boy's dream of adventure.

The greatest adventure of all his adventurous career came after the *Endurance* had been crushed in the ice, never to float again, and Shackleton and Worsley stood with all the men on the cracked ice-floe far within the Antarctic Circle. No outside help was possible, and they sailed away in three of the ship's lifeboats.

After exhausting days and sleepless nights they landed on Elephant Island, a barren shelter, seeming only to afford a respite from an inevitable fate. It was hopeless to dream of an ocean voyage in the small open boats carrying all the men; the only alternative was to send one boat with a few picked men in an endeavour to get help.

Shackleton decided to take the *James Aird*, the largest and most seaworthy boat. She was only an ordinary whaler, 22 feet long, and six men sailed in her with Shackleton as leader and Worsley as navigator. The leader's resolution on that 800-mile voyage was

"There is a special Nobel Peace Prize, but, fundamentally, this honour, in all its divisions, is always a peace prize, for the world of the intellect is a world of peace, and if a German writer receives this prize it is a proof that the free and harmonious union of Germany with the rest of the world is possible, proof that a good Germany exists, a Germany of intellect and peace."

Then Sigrid Undset, of Norway, declared:

"The horror of reprisals in Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, the tortures of civilians in all of the occupied countries, the massacres of the Jews in Europe, are apt to give us an impression that the outrages committed against spiritual values, against the integrity of science and the freedom of men's creative spirit, were after all minor crimes."

"The river of blood of millions crying to high heaven for vengeance, has washed away the ashes of the book-burnings. The thought of famine and pestilence stalking Greece makes us almost forget that the Acropolis now flies the Swastika."

"And yet, it was exactly these crimes against spiritual values, the assassination of these convictions in the German people, that had to be committed before the full tide of fiendish cruelty and incredible obscenities could be let loose wherever the German military boots trample."

"It is for the vindication of these principles of the freedom of mind, and the veneration for truth and humanity and plain common sense, and the creative possibilities of men and women, that we fight."

After these speeches followed Sir Norman Angell, whose views we hope to give next week.

equalled only by Worsley's feat of navigation. They sailed with racked and wearied bodies through stormy seas, and succeeded in reaching South Georgia.

They were forced to land on the worst side, with a range of mountains between them and the whaling station. Shackleton, Worsley, and another scaled the snow-clad mountain slope, and after wandering to and fro at last came to safety. A whaling steamer was sent to rescue the men on Elephant Island.

"When I look back," wrote Shackleton, "I have no doubt that Providence guided us across the storm-white sea. I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on that march that there was another person with us.'"

Now Worsley, like his great leader before him, has gone forth on the Greatest Adventure of All!

Bravo, Lord Bennett

Do not apologise for the British Empire. Together with the United States it is still the greatest force the world has ever known.

Don't apologise for our colonial history or our administration, than which there is nothing finer in the records of mankind.

Don't apologise for India. There we have given millions of people hundreds of years of peace in place of chaos and blood-letting.

Go about proudly, and don't be ashamed to have it said you are an Imperialist. An Imperialist is only a man who bears proudly the responsibility of his race and breed.

Viscount Bennett to the British Empire Service League

Little News Reels

DURING its advance from Egypt to Tunisia the Eighth Army needed 5000 tons of water daily.

More than 100,000 A.T.C. cadets were taken on flights by the R.A.F. and the Navy last year.

Mr Sydney Oak, Acting Captain of a Hastings Company of the Boys Brigade, has been awarded the George Medal for great courage and devotion to duty as leader of a rescue party.

CANADA'S 1941 census returns show that the Dominion has a population of 11,705,898, an increase of more than 1,300,000 in ten years.

Cinderella's good fairy turned a pumpkin into a coach, but Mr H. J. Heinz has been explaining that one of his companies has gone over from beans to bombers and from pickles to planes.

It is now known that 330,000 Germans and their Allies were captured or killed in the vain attempt to take Stalingrad; in the last batch of surrenders were the Commander-in-Chief and 23 Generals.

After spending 51 days on the Atlantic in an open boat Mrs Margaret Gordon, a 35-year-old Australian, and Mr James Whyte of Erith, age 25, were rescued, sole survivors of a party of 17.

Scout and Guide News Reel

Boy Scouts of Canada have given more than £6000 to the Chins Up Fund to aid British Boy Scouts who have suffered in the blitz; part of the money will be used to start Scouting in occupied countries after the war.

The Scouts of the 2nd Renfrew Troop recently distributed sacks of beech-logs to the aged and needy people in their district.

A PACK of Cheshire Brownies has undertaken for six months the care of the Home Guard sleeping-quarters; they will clean and sweep the hut, air the bedding, and provide clean pillow-cases.

Miss Audrey Sylvia Coningham, a Brentwood Guide who is now a W.R.N.S. officer, has been mentioned in despatches for giving her lifebelt to a man in difficulties after their ship was torpedoed; Miss Coningham swam to another ship.

WHO MADE THE AEROPLANE? A Long Quarrel Ended

ONE of the most remarkable disputes ever known has come to an end, and the settlement of it may rob South Kensington of one of its most spectacular exhibits.

The quarrel was as to who made the aeroplane. Was it Samuel Pierpont Langley or Wilbur and Orville Wright?

In the last years of last century two men were trying to fly — Percy Pilcher in Kent and Samuel Pierpont Langley in Virginia. Pilcher crashed before he had finished the little motor engine with which he would probably have succeeded; Langley had the excitement of seeing his machine fly over the River Potomac. It rose into the air and made a steady flight above the trees, climbing higher and higher until at last its steam was exhausted, the propellers stopped, and the aeroplane alighted on the water. There was no man in it. That was May 6, 1896.

Now the test was to try a machine with a pilot in it, and this, like the other, was put on the top of a houseboat on the River Potomac, and with the pilot on board was catapulted into the air in May 1903. It failed; the machine fell into the water with its pilot. A piece of the starting mechanism had broken, deflecting the plane down into the river when it should have sailed into the sky.

Langley's heart was broken. "This has wrecked my hopes for ever," he said; "my life's work is a failure." Nothing could dissuade him from that, and he died believing it.

He was secretary of the famous Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and after his death it was proposed to give his machine another chance. In 1914, eleven years after, it had flown above the River Potomac, the Langley plane was taken from the National Museum for a further test. It was supposed to be as Langley had left it except for the launching apparatus, which was removed and substituted by floats like those used on a seaplane. The pilot took his place, the engine was started, and, skimming the water for a little way, the aeroplane rose into the air and flew like a bird.

Now, said the defenders of Langley, the whole world could see that he made the first heavier-than-air machine capable of flying under its own power and carrying a man. The Smithsonian Institution put the

machine back in the museum with a label saying:

Owing to a defect in the launching apparatus the two attempts to fly the large machine during Dr Langley's life proved futile, but in June 1914, without modification, successful flights were made at Hammondsport, N.Y.

The secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Charles Walcott, wrote to the Editor of the C N saying that, though what Langley sought was not accomplished before his death, it was accomplished without a doubt afterwards with the same machine.

It was this claim on behalf of Professor Langley that started the famous dispute with the Wright brothers, who examined the matter thoroughly, and declared that in preparing the machine for its test 35 important changes had been made, so that it was no longer the original machine.

The Wright brothers declared that this label cast a slur on their work and denied them their proper place as inventors of the aeroplane, and they refused to have any association with the Smithsonian Institution, and sent their own original aeroplane to South Kensington, where most of us have seen it in the Science Museum.

All this time the dispute has gone on, and now, after nearly 30 years, it has been ended by the generous spirit and great goodwill of Dr Charles G. Abbot, the present Secretary of the Smithsonian. Dr Abbot has removed the false label which gave the impression that the old Langley machine could rise from the earth carrying a man, and has made it clear to all the world that in the eyes of the Smithsonian Institution the Wright brothers made the first successful plane and the first successful flight. Dr Abbot has personally apologised to Mr Orville Wright, and now the question is whether, when the war is over, the first Wright aeroplane will go back to Washington. We shall be sorry to lose it, but it belongs to that side of the Atlantic.

The Battle For the Golden Sheaves

AFTER Stalingrad, the Caucasus. The great Russian journalist Ilya Ehrenburg, writing of the annihilation of the great German Army outside Stalingrad, where 330,000 Nazis have been killed or captured to sustain the vanity of Hitler, declares that the trapping and destroying of these troops will be repeated in the Kuban area of the Caucasus, and his story gives us this picture of the plough following the sword:

The encirclement of von Paulus's Sixth Army at Stalingrad is merely a dress rehearsal. The Kuban must become a German slaughter-house.

A new hour of justice strikes there, too, as the days lengthen

and the shadows shorten. Russia shall sow there a harvest of victory.

Our tanks drive in just ahead of our ploughmen, our sappers lead the sowers home to their fields. This is a battle for our children and for our golden sheaves.

THINGS SEEN

Four wild geese flying in line with necks outstretched among fighting planes on the South-east coast.

Hot potatoes, baked in their jackets, being bought eagerly in Tottenham Court Road, London.

The Children's Newspaper, February 13, 1943

THE PLANE AND THE ANTELOPE

Swiftest of all four-legged creatures in North America is the prong-horn antelope, and it became necessary for the Game Wardens to move them lately from their haunts on the Texan ranges to a new reserve because, though they mixed in a friendly way with cattle, they did not get on with sheep. But rounding up the small, scattered herds was a tedious job when conducted on horseback, so a slow-flying aeroplane was called in.

The small herds edged away from a plane flying slowly at 50 to 500 feet above them on their flank, and so were gradually collected in one big herd of hundreds. This was the first step in moving these rare and beautiful creatures into safe quarters.

CARRYING ON

Captain George Bridgett, eighty years old, recently commanded a ship in a convoy carrying relief to Malta.

He has been in command of ships for close on fifty years, and looks as if he could carry on for years to come. On the outbreak of war the American Government placed him in command of a new tanker.

This was not his first visit to Malta, for he was there sixty years ago. On the present trip he took with him his grandson, who is hoping to become an engineer.

INVADER OF THE WATERS

As a means of transport many of our neglected canals are coming into use again. Some of them have been almost choked with weeds, which had to be cleared away before navigation was possible. One of the worst of these weeds is not British at all but an invader, being an American water-plant (*Elodea Canadensis*) somehow introduced into this country about a century ago. In quite a few years it spread throughout the waterways of Great Britain, often growing so densely as to make it most difficult for a boat to pass along.

FARMER & HUNTER

Defenders of the un-English sport of fine healthy people sitting on a horse chasing a fox often trot out the hackneyed argument that fox-hunting helps the farmers. Now the Lancashire and Cheshire farmers have openly declared that not only will they not be worried over the Government order to suspend fox-hunting, but that they will be very glad to see it.

ADAM SMITH ON POTATOES

Adam Smith, the great economist and author of that famous book *The Wealth of Nations*, had this to say about the potato:

The strongest men and the most beautiful women are generally fed with this root.

We are not sure that he was right in contending that a field of potatoes is superior to a field of wheat, but there is no doubt whatever that the potato is an excellent bread, and its effect on the complexion is splendidly illustrated by the skins of the Irish peasants. It looks as though with the goodwill of the public the potato is going to play a considerable part in winning the war.

The Locust War is On

WHAT is the connection between locusts and the war? It is direct, because wherever there is famine caused by locusts we must divert shipping to provide food supplies. All such shipping must be taken away from the vital task of supplying the war fronts.

In this country we know nothing of the terrible devastation caused by this ancient enemy, but the writers of the Old Testament knew all about it. The Book of Joel is full of it. He says, The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; and again, They shall run to and fro in the city, they shall run upon the wall,

they shall climb up upon the houses, they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. No wonder that the prophet writes about "the years that the locust hath eaten."

The news comes from the Middle East that we are operating on the offensive, we hope in good time, against this common foe of mankind. The locust, too, is on the wing betimes. A telegram from Karachi says that swarms have passed over the city, darkening the sky for hours, and coming from Persia and Arabia.

Our Anti-Locust Office in London has sent out experts to Persia who are at work along with Indian, Persian, and

Russian entomologists to establish poison dumps for the creatures in the "hopper stage" before their wings have developed, when they can be most easily attacked. This locust war is clearly one to be waged by United Nations, for no locust pays the least attention to national frontiers, and we have to carry the war into places where the enemy can be found. Gone are the old days of fatalism when a locust plague was regarded as the desert folk of today regard sandstorms or drought.

With the modern aid of wireless much valuable warning can now be given in advance. The Locust War is now on.

A NEW CHANCE FOR 500

Refugees of many races and many religions had drifted into Portugal and were either in hiding or in prison. Their papers were irregular or even missing altogether, and therefore they were without legal status.

Now the Jewish World Committee and the Portuguese Government have united in dealing with the problem in a spirit of understanding and constructive sympathy.

These distressed people have been invited to go to a little seaside village, Ericeira, where they are settled into boarding-houses and given a cordial welcome.

One little French boy of five said he had already been imprisoned in two countries, and others had similar stories to tell. Now they are able to live a normal life with a bedroom to themselves.

It is thought the number so rescued will soon be as many as five hundred.

A DISCOVERY

From Australia it is reported that an excellent repellent of the malaria-carrying mosquito has been discovered after long research. It is hoped to manufacture it in quantity, and thus to reduce malaria among both troops and travellers.

Haven of Peace

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

When we read of so much fighting, killing, and hatred in the world it is pleasant to hear of havens of peace. There is such a happy spot in a little home in East Cheshire, where a company of animals are living in harmony together.

On the big black back of a Labrador retriever lie dozing Gert and Daisy, two jet-black kittens, tired out with romping with the rabbits on the lawn. Near them an old Sealyham dreams away the evening of a happy life on the hearthrug, and occasionally Lady Sally, the sow, pokes her nose in at the back door to gaze enviously at this little paradise.

Presently, with an inquisitive cluck-cluck and quack-quack, a procession of chickens and ducks may enter, noisily hinting that the afternoon meal is late!

MAKE YOUR OWN TOYS

The Revd A. Duffield, the Santa Claus Vicar of St John the Baptist at Chester, has won countryside support for his "Make your own toys" scheme for next Christmas. Since he challenged his 7000 parishioners to a contest in making toys from scraps which have no salvage value offers of help and toy "blue-prints" have come to him from all over England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and places abroad.

A GOOD IDEA FROM LEEDS

A step in the right direction has been taken by the Tuberculosis Committee of the Leeds Health Department.

The idea of the Committee is to buy an X-ray unit from the Ministry of Health, to take 100 photographs an hour. Big factories and industrial organisations will be visited by expert radiologists, who will take the unit with them, and workers will be invited to turn aside from their work for a few minutes to be X-rayed. When several hundreds of them have passed the lens the film will be developed, and then examined by doctors. Where there seems a suggestion of tuberculosis cases, will be X-rayed again.

In this way, with very little interference with normal routine, it will be easy to discover possible cases in the earliest stages of the disease, and thus to prescribe treatment which may easily work a lasting cure.

15,000 HOURS OF WORK

Surrey has a Land Club with 932 members, drawn mostly from the northern part of the county. They worked over 15,000 hours from March to November last year, chiefly at weeding, hoeing, and thinning market-garden crops. They did a grand job of work for the country; and contributed £380 to the Red Cross.

WOMEN AND THEIR HOUSES

There is sound sense in many of the answers given by women in reply to a questionnaire on the subject of the new and better homes we hope to see in being.

It is urged that every newly-built house should have fixed permanently and indelibly a plan showing the position of electric cables, water and gas pipes, drainage, taps, and so on. And there must be anti-freeze plumbing.

Houses are generally preferred to bungalows, as most people, like most birds, prefer to sleep, upstairs. Passages should be broad, and never less than three feet wide. Coal-cellars should be roomy and properly divided for coal and coke. Separate entrance halls or lobbies should be provided.

FOUR BROTHERS

The war has brought about some remarkable meetings, but we think this in the heart of London would be difficult to beat.

Four brothers from Saskatchewan are now in England: Harold, Alfred, Philip, and Edward Myers.

One day by chance Alfred met Harold in Trafalgar Square, and while they were talking Philip jumped off a bus and joined them. All three then went to a restaurant to celebrate their reunion, and who should come and sit at their table but brother Edward!

HEARD IN THE BUS

"It's a strange thing," said the working woman in the home-going bus, "in the last war they told us to keep the home fires burning and now they say we're to put them out."

Her neighbour with the heavily-packed carrier-bag added: "Yes; and then there were notices up that the greengrocer had 'No potatoes,' and now they want us to eat them instead of bread."

"And," said a third passenger, "the funny thing is that while they can't get us enough bread my old man can get all the beer he wants."

TOMMY

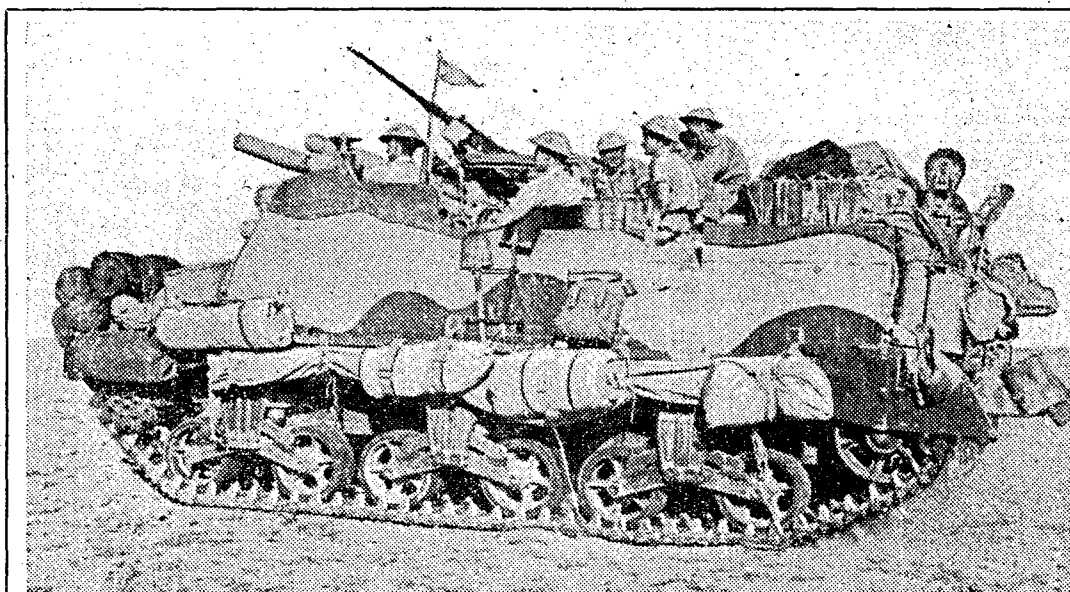
Lancashire has now several thousand pigeons trained and on active war service.

Some of these birds have already rendered valuable services in blitzes, when often they have been the only means of communication between vital centres. One of the feathered heroes is a bird named Tommy, whose exploits must for a while be kept a secret. This is what a Chief Constable said of Tommy the other day: He faced grave dangers and played a valuable part in the war. He has done outstanding work and showed remarkable staying powers.

FAMILIES AND HOMES

The Women's Advisory Housing Council has been investigating the relation of housing accommodation to the size of families, and, as a result of 3000 replies, states that shortage of adequate housing accommodation with a reasonable rent is certainly a cause of the small family or no family at all.

We confess we do not know how a mother can be expected to house two or three children in the tiny rooms of the small modern flat.



The Battleship of the Desert

A new weapon which was of great value in the Eighth Army's triumphant pursuit of Rommel's forces: it is a 105-millimetre gun-howitzer mounted on a General Grant tank chassis.

February 13, 1943

The Children's

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Who Need Protectors?

MUSSOLINI has more than once proclaimed himself as Protector of the Moslem World, and now the Turkish newspaper Yeni Sabah has been smiling at this characteristic posture of the Braggart of the Balcony. The paper speaks of it as a most ridiculous thing, and an insult to the whole Moslem world. "Who needs a protector, anyhow," it asks, "the Moslem nations or the Italian Fascists?"

HEALTH & WEALTH

DR JOHN RYLE, Consultant Physician of Guy's Hospital, writes these striking words in the British Medical Journal:

How much fitter our recruits would have been, how much less striking the contrast in stature between many home troops and their cousins from overseas, and by how much our war output might have been increased, if we had attended to health as assiduously as we attended to wealth in pre-war years.

Hindering the War

It has been reported to us that the other day five miners who had transport difficulties one morning and arrived two minutes late were all sent home for the day.

Those who blame the miners for all the troubles may now think again. We can imagine no more stupid policy and none more likely to hamper the war effort, and we commend such cases to the Minister of Fuel.

The Man Who is Always Right

THE organisation of the Russian State was not due to the political capacity of Slavism in Russia, but was a wonderful example of the state-building activity of the Germanic element in an inferior race.

For centuries Russia has been living on this German kernel of her directing class; today it may be regarded as practically worn out and extinct.

The giant power in the east is ripe for collapse. Mein Kampf

Under the Editor's Table

FRESH air induces sleep. But we don't like sleeping draughts.

MANY women are becoming cooks. Must be becoming women.

To celebrate his birthday a man had his suit turned. And wished himself many happy returns.

GOEBBELS is said never to neglect side issues. But that doesn't help the Nazis at the Front.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If soaring prices hit the air pockets

A MAN writes to say that he travels on a Barking train. Evidently from the Isle of Dogs.

RUSSIANS are cutting the links behind the Nazi lines. Spoiling their golf.

DISCUSSING the calling-up of men, an MP says it is not possible to make a clean sweep. But you can make a sweep clean.

THE cheese ration has been cut. Some housewives grate it.

A Boy Went Singing

FROM A NORTHERN CORRESPONDENT

A BOY has just gone down the road singing at the top of his voice. He is singing something about "The Sky Pilot said it—Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition." The neighbours said it was irreverent; but it wasn't really, for the boy turned it into an action song, and while he was singing he was carrying a parcel of groceries for the woman next door. He went swinging along to the tune and the words Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition.

Oliver Cromwell said something like that, only nobody thought to set his words to music, and the only place where we come across them is in a history book. What he said was Fear God, and keep your powder dry. What the boy was singing was another version of that, and what both Cromwell and the boy were really saying was Remember God, and serve other people.

It is good counsel. It makes sense, and it works. Remember God, and serve other people. We must do both. Some people remember and some people serve, but the people who make a success of things do both.

Remembering God doesn't apply to Sundays only. It

applies to every day. But it doesn't mean always singing hymns, saying prayers, and reading the Bible. It means that we should serve as well, serve other people. It keeps us fit; lazy-bones soon get stiff-jointed. It keeps us sensible; selfish people often look silly, though they don't always realise it. But it is as it should be to serve other people; it is just a case of paying our debts.

So many people are always passing the ammunition for life's battle to us. Parents, teachers, friends, and scores of people whom we don't know and never think of are all, and always, serving us. When we serve others we are only doing for others what others have done for us. It is like keeping our account of life square. Who wants to finish up in debt, especially for services received?

The song the lad sang was a good one. It says a lot which is worth learning by heart, and a lot which is worth putting into action. Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition. Remember God and serve other people. Service, that is the thing. Do something. Pay your way. Fear God and love your neighbour, and let us be brothers and helpers all to one another.

The Schools Are in the Scales

WE are sure the last has not yet been heard of the very remarkable attack on the public school system just made by the Education Committee of the London County Council, which has refused to join in any association between the public schools and the council schools. The L.C.C. refuses because it believes that:

The public schools, whatever their merits, have serious anti-social characteristics.

They segregate the sons of the wealthy and successful from the

sons of the less fortunate during their most impressionable years, with bad results.

They cause the development of two different types of citizen, which ignore and are out of sympathy with each other.

They are not training boys to serve the nation effectively in the challenge of the future.

With our rapidly changing social conditions they will pass away.

It will be interesting to see what follows this astonishingly blunt attack on a very old system. We are certain that the public school system has an answer, just as we are certain that it stands in need of extensive reform. Certain, too, is it that immense changes are going to take place in our school system in the next ten years.

There is a War On

A MEMBER of a local authority who wanted to get into touch with several farmers on a Saturday morning found that three of them and a farm-bailiff had taken the day off to go pheasant-shooting. Later he saw half-a-dozen able-bodied men "beating" for the guns.

JUST AN IDEA

We shall all be much happier if we cease to struggle against what is inevitable.

The Exiles



Polish refugees rest by the wayside during their long journey to freedom

Young Poles Begin Again

SOME Poles are happy again, even while their country is torn and shattered by the German barbarian.

Polish children are today singing their national songs in new schools on healthy highlands in the heart of Africa, while their mothers are once more peacefully engaged on those handicrafts for which the peasants of their homeland have long been famous.

Some 8000 Polish refugees are being settled in Tanganyika and Uganda under a scheme in which the British and Polish Governments are cooperating. Here they are organising model villages with farms and industries which will make them self-supporting, especially when

the fathers arrive after serving with the Polish Army in the Middle East.

The white population of Tanganyika and Uganda is not much more than 10,000, so these communities will be a valuable addition to our colonies. Tanganyika, indeed, was a German colony until the end of the last war, when it was mandated to us, so it is not inappropriate that it should be a place of refuge for a race which has suffered so terribly at the hands of the Nazi Beast.

The three chief villages in Tanganyika where Polish schools have been opened are Arusha, Ifundi, and Kondo, while in Uganda the villages are Koga and Masindi.

YOUTH OF STALINGRAD

HISTORIANS will have many a tale to tell of the heroism of boys and girls in many lands. Malta and Singapore, Poland and Yugo-Slavia, London and Lidice, Athens, and Amsterdam and Oslo, all produced their young heroes and heroines.

But we think that a special place on the roll of honour is likely to be kept for the boys and girls of Stalingrad, for whom no finer praise can be given than that they were worthy of the city in which they lived.

"Lived" is a strange word to use for the period in which, with the Nazis hammering and blasting a path into their beloved home-town, these young folk toiled in the depths underground, beside their own grandparents,

too old to take any more active part in the struggle, making mortar shells and other munitions to help to beat the Hun.

Stifling, starving, menaced with death every minute of the day, they toiled ceaselessly, almost without rest or sleep. They had no time to be afraid or to wilt under the strain. The warriors of the dauntless city, their own fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins, needed every ounce of help they could give; needed it each minute of the day.

And when at last the Nazis were pushed back, up came the children to rejoin the mighty company of workers who had continued their duty in the munition plants above ground, or what was left of them.

Tiny Life in the Arctic Snowfields

AMONG the Alaskan mountains of the Arctic Circle are snowfields stained red and purple by the tiniest of living plants, the single-celled algae.

These have been investigated for the Smithsonian Institution by a lady student, Miss Kol, who found 50 species of the algae living in uncountable millions in perpetual ice and snow. One kind will live only on ice, another

on snow, and Miss Kol surmised that these types and their colouring depended on whether the mountain slopes were of acid or alkaline rock, on the decomposing dust of which the algae were sustained. She took a number of specimens of these algae to Switzerland just before the war to try to plant them on the Alps, but nothing has since come from her about the result.

February 13, 1943

5

WHAT OF THE SUBMARINE?

By a Special Correspondent

AT last the nation is awakening to the fact that the submarines are still a serious menace. Unfortunately, it is to be feared that until now the matter has been treated very much as it was in the last war, when, as Admiral Sims of the American Navy wrote in his book, British public opinion was so ill-informed that it was quite complacent on the subject.

The British Admiralty was terribly alarmed, and when Admiral Sims went to Whitehall, Admiral Jellicoe revealed to him that in April 1917 the losses were nearly 900,000 tons. The following is quoted from Admiral Sims's own story of his interview with Admiral Jellicoe:

"It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," I remarked.

"They will win unless we can stop these losses, and stop them soon," Jellicoe replied.

"Is there no solution to the problem?" I asked.

"Absolutely none that we can see now," Jellicoe announced.

Fortunately for Britain and her Allies, losses were reduced, mainly through the adoption of convoys and the organisation of a Safety Lane across the Atlantic by which American supplies could be brought in under special protection. The Atlantic Concentration of shipping, possible through America coming into the war, saved us.

Increasing Attacks

It would be wrong, however, to say that the submarine was defeated. The following was written of the matter in 1920 by one who was intimately acquainted with the work:

It should be observed that losses continued until the end. The submarine was never thoroughly beaten. In any future war we should have to meet more and improved submarines and an efficient attack from the air.

Unfortunately, these words of warning fell on deaf ears. It was too hastily assumed that convoy and other defences could meet the attack, and early in the present war the Government took a complacent view of the situation. Now it is admitted by the Government itself, speaking through Lord Cranborne, Leader of the House of Lords, that "the scale of U-boat attack is increasing, and it is probable that the peak has not yet been reached." And the First Lord of the Admiralty tells us:

The enemy is now using new U-boats in larger packs and with new tactics. The U-boats are now even more concentrated than before. They are now lying not in single packs, but, to use a military expression, in echelons of attacks.

A Grave Menace

In America, too, there is a great awakening on the subject. Admiral Sir Percy Noble, who represents Britain at Washington, has told the American press that the menace is "most grave," and the New York Times says: "We are ill far from winning the war against the submarines. Our losses in this battle imperil what we have managed to gain in every other battle."

It was imperfectly realised that the U-boat attack increased in this war because Germany, by her European conquests, gained a great array of submarine and

aeroplane bases; because submarines were increased in number, size, and range; because air power became combined with submarine power; and because submarines came to be used "not in single spies, but in battalions."

We hear now of hunting by packs of submarines which take great risks to secure their end. The First Lord of the Admiralty speaks of echelons, which presumably means that the packs of submarines are stepped in attack to cover a very wide range in approaching a convoy. And no doubt aeroplanes spot convoys, acting as the fast-moving eyes of the U-boats.

Methods of Defence

All that the Admiralty did in the last war is being done again, but each form of defence needs to be prosecuted with additional vigour if the menace is to be fought successfully. Among the main points are:

1. The number of escort vessels needs to be multiplied. The Admiralty did well to add the new hunting vessels called corvettes to our too small numbers of destroyers. It may possibly be that it would be well to delay action on some bigger vessels to divert materials and labour to small defending craft. Only the Admiralty can decide that.

2. The multiplication of hunting aeroplanes on both sides of the Atlantic should add power to the attack on U-boats, and there seems to have been considerable success achieved in this connection.

3. The neglect to build fast merchant ships seems to have been a grave mistake in view of the experience of the last war, when we learned much too late that the speed of convoys was determined by the speed of the slowest vessels in the convoy. We must have more fast cargo boats.

4. The attack on submarine bases by sea and by air should be redoubled.

America's New Ships

5. Every endeavour should be made to increase the rate of ship-building. A number of contradictory statements have been published on this head, but President Roosevelt is aiming at a construction of 20 million tons dead-weight of merchant shipping in the present year, which is equal to about 14 million gross registered tons, meaning tons by volume of 100 square feet. The Germans boast that in recent months they sank a million tons a month, which is more than they did in the last war. Our own Admiralty does not publish figures.

The number of German submarines is undoubtedly increasing, but is not definitely known. Guesses range from 500 to 750, and in spite of much success in sinking them it is feared that they are being built faster than they are sunk.

CARRY ON

SILVER LINING

THERE'S always something wrong with folk (You must have noticed it); The kindest, noblest, and the best Fall short a little bit.

They irritate you now and then, They have a silly kink; (There's something to deplore, of course, In everyone, I think.)

But what's the use of harping on This theme from morn till night? There's always something wrong with folk, And always something right.

No matter who or what they are, At home or in the street, There's something good and fine and strong In everyone you meet.

The small defects that we deplore, If rightly understood, Are nothing when compared with all The grandeur of the good.

So, I suggest that we should try To find the best in folk, That silver lining of the soul Beneath a ragged cloak. H. L. G.

Plan It Now

THE need for coherent thinking and planning about long-term policy has forced itself on us in our dealings with our two most powerful allies. The lack of it explains one great and continuing deficiency in our political strategy.

The one asset which Hitler's New Order enjoys and exploits on the Continent is our failure to set any concrete plan, expressive of allied ideals, against it. It is not enough to plan foreign policy for reconstruction after the war: there is need to plan it now. The Times

ENGLAND

HER seed is sown about the world. The seas For her have pathed their waters. She is known In swamps that steam about the burning zone, And dreaded in the last white lands that freeze.

And she is very small and very green And full of little lanes all dense with flowers That wind along and lose themselves between Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of quiet sheep. And in the hamlets, where her stalwarts sleep, Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Geoffrey Howard

Like Light Through the Window

SILENCE the voice of Christianity and the world is well-nigh dumb, for gone is that sweet music which kept in order the rulers of the people, which cheers the poor widow in her lonely toil, and comes like light through the windows of morning to men who sit stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and a hungering heart. Theodore Parker

Danger is the Test of Greatness

NATIONAL danger is the test of national greatness. War has its lessons, which may be more impressive than the lessons, valuable as they always are, of peace.

The whole of a kingdom, or rather of an empire, united for once in spirit, has entered with enthusiasm upon an arduous conflict with a nation possessed of the largest and the most highly-trained army which the modern world can produce. This is in itself a matter of great significance. England and the whole British Empire with her have taken up the sword and thereby risked the loss of wealth, of prosperity, and even of political existence.

And England, with the fervent consent of the people of every land subject to the rule of our king, has thus exchanged the prosperity of peace for the dangers and labours of war, not for the sake of acquiring new territory or of gaining additional military glory, for of these

things she has enough and more than enough already, but for the sake of enforcing the plainest rules of international justice and the plainest dictates of common humanity.

These facts may rekindle among the youth of England as of France the sense that to be young is very heaven; these facts may console old men whom political disillusion and disappointment which they deem undeserved may have tempted towards despair, and enable them to rejoice with calmness and gravity that they have lived long enough to see the day when the solemn call to the performance of a grave national duty has united every man and every class of our common country in the determination to defy the strength, the delusions, and the arrogance of a militarised nation, and at all costs to secure for the civilised world the triumph of freedom, of humanity, and of justice.

A. V. Dicey in the last war

Of in the Stilly Night

OF in the stilly night Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me: The smiles, the tears Of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken; The eyes that shone, Now dimmed and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken! Thus in the stilly night Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Memory brings the light Of other days around me.

Tom Moore

WHEN EVERY MAN WAS FREE

THUS did the Athenians increase in strength. And it is plain enough, not from this instance only but from many everywhere, that equality is an excellent thing; since even the Athenians, who while they continued under the rule of tyrants were not a whit more valiant than any of their neighbours, no

sooner shook off the yoke than they became decidedly the first of all. These things show that, while undergoing oppression, they let themselves be beaten, since then they worked for a master; but so soon as they got their freedom each man was eager to do the best he could for himself. Herodotus



THIS ENGLAND

Looking through the lychgate of the church at Lower Peover in Cheshire

Nature's Camp-Fires For Australia's Army

THE industry of an insect is saving many an Australian unit hours of labour on arrival at its camping ground, for, as likely as not, the Australian in the northern parts of his country can pitch his tents among the anthills built by the termites (or white ants) and convert these immense structures into camp-fires on which to boil his water, or into ovens for baking bread.

All the soldier has to do is to make a small hole in the top of the anthill and scoop out another at its base, where he clears out a little rubbish; and, hey presto! here is a firebox ready to be set alight with a handful of bracken. When the natural furnace is well alight the addition of a few saplings or logs will provide a camp-fire that any Boy Scout would envy.

As to the oven, the camp baker cuts a hole in the base of a big oil-drum, half fills it with wet anthill tightly packed, surrounds the drum as it lies on its side with more material from the anthill and sets the whole alight. When nothing but glowing cinders remain in the drum in goes a tray of dough, to come out in due time as golden brown loaves, quite as appetising as any baked in a town oven.

The explanation of this natural furnace is that the termites build their big communal nests chiefly of wood, either pieces of wood stuck together with their saliva or wood which they have devoured and passed through their bodies. Many species strengthen their hills with earth which is also converted by secretions from their glands into a substance as strong as concrete. This hard material forms the outside of the mound, while the interior consists of a vast and complicated series of wooden chambers used for nur-

series, food storage, and so on. Underground galleries connect nest with nest, and in some areas the mounds are twelve feet high, and a group of them looks like a village in miniature.

These ingenious and industrious termites are not real ants, for scientists have placed them in a different Order, but they resemble these social insects in many ways. Each community has a king and queen, who are cared for in a specially strong chamber big enough for the queen's body, which is from two to three inches long, and capable of discharging thousands of eggs a day for months together.

These eggs are gathered up by hundreds of workers and carried to the nurseries, where the larvae emerge and are fed with food appropriate to the part they are to take in the community.

The strangest members are the soldiers, which are distinguished by the high development of their heads and jaws, which they use to frighten away or seize intruders. So curious are these jaws that they cannot chew food.

In the neighbourhood of human dwellings the termites do devastating damage to woodwork and furniture, books, and clothing, and they will tunnel through forest trees. It is not often that they befriend mankind, but just now they are frequently proving a boon to soldiers of northern Australia.

SMALL STAMPS

SOUTH AFRICA'S new stamps, which many people are now admiring as letters come in from their friends in the Union, are three-quarters the normal size of ours. They look even smaller, and are dainty and attractive.

Perhaps they make a saving in paper, though this cannot be much. The point about them is that they are a novel and charming idea, and such things are important in wartime. They help morale.

This is not to say that our morale needs pretty new stamps to keep it going. Our severest critics would hardly say that of us. But if we can produce a new and attractive stamp in wartime, it shows that the war, with all its strain and misery, cannot get us down, nor keep our minds from turning to more hopeful things.

Norway has lately issued her own new stamps in this country, to be used by her Forces and merchant seamen here. Their most striking feature is the V for Victory which appears in their slogan Vi Vil Vinne (We Will Win), while their designs speak of the things for which Free Norway fights, and will fight on undaunted: of brave King Haakon; of the fjords where her ships will sail home one day to freedom; of the little homes on mountain ledges where the tiny farms nestle and men cut a living out of the bare rock, making even a small wheatfield sometimes in a sheltered corner.

THE SPARTANS

In a certain London suburb a correspondent sees daily cycling forth a man of more than middle age, whose head is bald and whose knees are bare, who wears neither overcoat nor jacket over his heavy jersey, yet looks the picture of ruddy health, never brighter than when it is raining, unless frost is hard or snow is falling.

People in the houses look on with envy as he briskly pedals his way, and wonder how he does it. The answer is perhaps that there is something in him of the Spartan spirit of Edward Trelawny, the friend of Shelley, who attended the burning of the poet's body on the shore of the Bay of Spezzia. Some friends called on the veteran when he was 88, to find that he had just abandoned his lifelong habit of sea bathing winter and summer, but still refused to have a fire in his room before noon in winter, preferring to develop heat by cutting logs all the morning. Yet most men in his case would have chosen the life of an invalid, for he had in his body two bullets fired at him in the battles during which his friend Lord Byron laid down his life.

THE BUSY BUYERS

The old accountants who used to refuse to pass an expenditure of twopence if a Government Department spent it on anything unusual would surely turn in their graves if they knew that our Ministry of Works has a Supply Division which has bought since 1938 over ten million beds or bunks, and that every year it is now buying 25 million pieces of crockery and the same number of soap tablets, seven million yards of blackout material, 3500 miles of fire-hose, and two million chairs.

New Dark Age For Italy

WITH a new variation of an old theme, History has now repeated itself in Italy, whose loss of an empire is the outcome of her submission to a shabby Dictator.

One would have thought that memories of the past would have guarded her against such a submission and its inevitable consequences. When the Dark Ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire had passed away Italy rose to dizzy heights of splendour. It was with her that Learning had a new birth; with her dawned the Renaissance, the Great Awakening which finally reached us and prepared the way for Shakespeare.

Italy's intellectual eminence found expression not only in literature, but in painting and sculpture, in engineering and unsurpassed architecture, in commerce and in science.

Yet, shining light of the better world as she was, she could not govern herself as a united nation, but, grouped into rival republics, looked to tyrants for protection. The tyrants, maintaining their own private armies, disarmed the people and reduced them to serfdom. When in turn the tyrants themselves were overthrown, Italy was the defenceless prey of whatever aggressor nations chose to make demands on her.

Rome had been mistress of all the known world; Italy of the Middle Ages was the unquestioned leader of thought and commerce, but she fell as abjectly from her proud place as she has fallen in our own times under Mussolini. At the end of the 18th century the once proud home of intellectual renown was a beggarly collection of territories held together mainly by foreign armies. Austria owned Lombardy and Venetia; the Spanish Bourbons were on the throne of Naples; important territories were ruled by the Pope; and the rest of Italy was divided into five petty republics and a

number of preposterous duchies. It was to this bitter humiliation that her surrender to the sway of tyrannous autocrats had brought her; she had sold herself, through lack of will-power to resist them, to men whose very lives depended on their grinding free men down.

For three-quarters of a century, with many heroic men dying for her cause, Italy was struggling to be free. We did not fight as a nation for her, but we gave sanctuary to the men who were planning and plotting her salvation, and some of our finest spirits brigaded themselves to go and battle for her under the immortal Garibaldi. Sons of our own land died that Italy might be free.

And free she did become, only to fall once more under the evil sway of this blacksmith's son, the braggart Mussolini, embodying the worst features of the rule of ruffianism that reduced Italy to serfdom in olden days. His country has sacrificed an empire to his vainglorious buffoonery, and it will be interesting to see what the next chapter unfolds. Certainly Italy has ceased to be a Great Power for many years to come, and certainly Mussolini is doomed to the fate of the humbug, whatever that may be.

Book Week Marches On

MITCHAM was the setting of the first of the 1943 Children's Book Weeks. Eighth in the series of Book Weeks, which began with the Malden experiment at the close of 1941, it was held at the Mitcham Public Library and was attended by more than 1200 eager children. Book Week is marching on.

On the opening day Major John Manley delighted his audiences with a talk on Birds and Insects, in which he gave ventiloquial imitations of bird calls. His invitation to the children to name the birds and insects met with an excellent response.

Miss Noel Streatfeild spoke on Other People's Lives, referring the children to their own library, in which were to be found many absorbing books about the peoples of other lands. Another speaker was Miss Margaret Tempest, who illustrated her talk on Pictures of Little Grey Rabbit with charcoal sketches of Hare, Tortoise, Rabbit, Hedgehog, Weasel, and a host of other

characters. Mrs Moore-Ander-son's poetry reading was received with real pleasure, this speaker introducing to the children the verses of the six-year-old poet Pet Marjory and the works of John Masefield, John Drinkwater, Kipling, and other poets.

Junior girls were later catered for by a most helpful talk on Growing Up by Mrs Bremner; and senior boys had the opportunity of hearing Miss Frances Pitt speak on Taming Wild Animals.

Mr W. G. Corp, of the National Book Council, introduced a fascinating feature known as the Book Brains Trust, in which the children were invited to select questions from a box and read them aloud in order that the answers might be looked up in reference and other books.

In connection with this Book Week the National Book Council film on the Story of a Book was shown during school hours at 12 schools in the area, proving a tremendous success.

The Smith a Splendid Man is He

AMONG the applicants for allotment gardens in a Kent hamlet was the village blacksmith. He was a small, pale-faced man and explained his need quietly; in fact, he was in appearance very unlike the smith of the poem.

He said he had a big garden at the back of his cottage and kept a pig, a few fowls, and bees. He already had an allotment in the village, nearly a mile away at the foot of a steep

hill. It was good ground, he added, but a nearer garden would be much better. Last year he grew a ton of potatoes on his allotment, and brought them all home up the steep hill on his bicycle.

This man works long hours in his forge, but finds time for his two gardens and his stock by rising early and working late. He was one of the first Civil Defence workers in the district, and is still a warden.

BEDTIME CORNER

POOR JACK FROST

OLD Jack Frost, he must be,
Oh, so terribly cold!
And old—I suppose he is ever
so old.
His breath is of ice and his
beard of the snows,
And everything freezes where-
ever he goes.

Poor old Jack! I do wonder
if, just for a change,
He'd enjoy for an hour our
warm kitchen range.
It must be so cheerless out
there all the night,
And so dismal and dreary with
never a light;
I'm sure he must sometimes
feel lonely and lost,
I feel ever so sorry for poor
old Jack Frost.

The Friendly Lion

A cat was boasting to the other animals that the lion whom he had visited during an illness had received him quite as one of the family.

"Ah," said the fox, "but did he ask you to do no favour for him?"

"Well, yes," replied the cat; "he certainly asked me to catch a rat which had been troubling him a good deal since he had fallen too ill to catch it."

"I thought so," said the fox. "The condescensions of the great are rarely above suspicion, and this seems to be no exception to the general rule."

Riddle

WHEN are we all artists?

When we draw long faces!

PRAYER



KEEP me, Lord, through these dark hours and bring me safe to morning light; and be with me so that whatever I may find to do I may do to please my friends and Thee. Take from me all selfishness, and guide me that I may grow up with a grateful heart for all that has been done for me. Amen.

The Children's Newspaper, February 13, 1943

HITLER LOOKS AT SWEDEN

It has been said that Sweden has received something like an ultimatum from Herr Schicklgruber. In view of the news from Russia and Tripoli, one would imagine that this decaying pest would hardly wish to add another enemy to his long list.

Certainly the masses of his helpless robots, and his even more helpless associates and toadies, cannot be anxious to see a Nazi attack on Sweden, for though the Swedes number less than seven millions they are formidable fighters.

Three hundred years ago under Gustavus Adolphus they were one of the strongest military powers in Europe. Today their famous Bofors guns are in use by most of the fighting armies, particularly in anti-aircraft defence. They have a small but excellent Navy. It is true that their Air Force is not too strong, perhaps not strong enough to protect the skies of Sweden's charming and fertile southern provinces. But in Central Sweden there are many powerful forces, within anything from 30 to 100 miles of Trondheim, forces which might free Norway at a blow. And Sweden has splendid railways, most of them electrified.

Hitler has his baleful eye on Malmoe. This pleasant city is the third most important in Sweden, after Stockholm and Gothenburg, the capital and the chief port. It lies opposite Copenhagen, only half an hour's journey by ferry-boat across the Sound. It is Sweden's chief junction for the northward line direct along the west coast to Gothenburg and thence to Oslo and the other towns of western Norway. It could be very easily attacked by German forces massed in the Danish capital.

Trondheim's Value

It might even be taken, though not without a dour fight. Meanwhile, as we would hope, the main Swedish armies would be attacking across the Norwegian frontier, with Trondheim rather than Oslo as their objective.

Hitler would not like to lose Trondheim. Even at this late hour he is trying to make it one of the most formidable bastions of his Fortress of Europe. Thousands of Norwegians, with captive Russians, French, Belgians,

Dutch, and other industrial slaves are labouring to extend its vast power as a naval and air base. All the while Hitler must be thinking, What of the Red Army? It is turning up everywhere in massive force. Might it not turn up in Narvik, and then turn south?

Yes, Russia might do that. German sources have stated that Stalin has offered to make peace with Finland, though of course on "impossible" terms which the Finns rejected. The fact remains that the brave and luckless Finns have done very little fighting in the past year, and would be more than glad to be done with it all. If Marshal Zhukov clears the Leningrad area and begins his advance westward, in the direction of Finland and of East Prussia, it may well be that the Finns will make terms. Then the Red armies might move via the Finnish port of Petsamo upon Narvik.

Electrified Railways

If that happened Hitler would have to rush troops to the Arctic, and he could only do it in time by using the magnificent electrified Swedish railways.

Perhaps he has made this clear in Stockholm. It is said that he has also demanded trade concessions, with more of the matchless iron ore from Sweden's mines, and a Press censorship muzzling the Swedish Press, which says unpleasant things about the Nazis. What is certain is that there was some very good reason why the Swedish Premier stated publicly the other day that Sweden was facing a serious crisis, but would fight any invader.

In the last war Sweden was pro-German, generally speaking. In this war it is not so: who could be pro-German today? The Swedes fear Russia, but are strongly pro-Ally. Their Government has had to walk warily, but the Swedish people have made clear their opinion of the Nazis and all their works.

Ten Bricks a Penny

WHAT days we have been through in the near past, and what good cause we have to consider the planning of the future.

Sir Malcolm Stewart, the well-known chairman of the London Brick Company, dealing with the past of unemployment when millions of men vainly clamoured for work, reminds us how bricks were at one time of distress offered at a price as low as 8s 6d a 1000, which means roundly ten bricks for a penny. At that time, too, cement was on sale at 13s a ton. He adds that it proved impossible to find a buyer even when the products were offered free of charge if the purchaser would pay the railway carriage to destination.

Sir Malcolm's object in pointing to these hard facts is to accentuate the need to make plans for the future of industry instead of leaving it to chance and speculation to dispose of the products of labour. He says:

Industries by themselves cannot create and increase demand in times of slump, although they have progressively endeavoured to increase productive capacity in anticipation of times of boom. It is surely only through Government-assisted planning over a period that the extremes of high and low demands can be smoothed out so as to secure a steady volume of demand.

To which may be added the following words taken from a report drawn up by the Southampton Chamber of Commerce:

Some better way must be found than is at present provided by the existing monetary and financial mechanism, to enable would-be consumers to buy what the productive forces of the world are capable of producing.

The Chamber suggests, as a means by which new money might be put into circulation, that a proportion might be expended by the Government through the medium of public works, such as housing, water conservation, agricultural improvements, and similar projects essential to national well-being.

It is certainly reasonable to hold that the pursuit of such a policy would make it impossible for bricks and cement again to be offered at rubbish prices.

CHILDREN'S HOUR

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, February 10, to Tuesday, February 16.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Scottish Children's Players in folk tunes and a play, assisted by the Kelvin Quintet. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Katawampus: its Treatment and Cure, by Judge Edward Abbott Parry, made into a play with music by Hugh Middlemiss—Episode 1, Krab, the Cave-man and his Cave.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Olive Shapley's News-Letter from America. 5.30 Song Recital. 5.45 The Navy's Here—Number 3, Royal Marines.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Bran Tub, arranged by Lyn Joshua. 5.40 Copying Nature—Number 3, Building and Engineering, by William Aspden.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Bandit and the Bishop, a Polish legend, as a play by Marjorie Wynn Williams.

MONDAY, 5.20 The Story of Martha Much-to-Do, by E. Herbert Morris; followed by Music at Random, by Helen Henschel; News from Sherwood, by Robin Hood.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Regional Round, a General Knowledge trip round the Radio Regions.

CORNISH PASTY

LORD WOOLTON wants us all to be pasty-minded. He has expressed the hope that the Cornish Pasty will be as much in favour in Ballymena as it is in St Ives.

The reason is that the main ingredient of the Cornish pasty is potato, of which the Food Minister is urging us to eat more.

Cornwall is, of course, the home of the pasty. They have been eating pasties "down long we" from time out of mind, never growing tired of them. In fact, in some households they almost live and thrive on pasties. It's bacon and potato pasty for breakfast, beef and potato pasty for dinner, jam pasty for tea, and herb pasty before going to bed.

And never were pasties so popular, never were so many eaten as now. Cornish Food Communal Centres are disposing of thousands every week.

Surprising what a lot of other things besides potato and a little meat the Cornish people put inside these pasties: turnip, carrot, leek, egg, bacon, and parsley and onion for flavouring. Fish, too! And, for tea, jam, rhubarb, apple, and most other fruit!

In the old days, when butcher's meat was beyond the purse of

the poor, bacon and potato pasties were the order of the day.

But perhaps you have never crossed the Tamar and know not what a pasty really is. Well, it is pastry rolled and made as round as possible with the chopped ingredients placed in the centre. The pastry edges are wetted and joined on the top to form a curly frill, the crust being pricked with a fork in two or three places.

Well baked, it is a meal in itself. Very handy, too, to take to school, work, or picnic.

There was a time when the pasty was unknown outside Cornwall, but when visitors began to flock westward and sample the tasty delicacy they went home pasty-minded. Today many war workers who came to the Duchy from other counties had never even seen a Cornish pasty, but they have succumbed to it and carry it in their dinner-bags as if they were Cornishmen.



Fitness Wins

PERFECT physical fitness, abundant energy and the will-to-win—these qualities you must possess if you are to be successful in sports and games.

Remember that the leading coaches and trainers insist on 'Ovaltine' as an essential part of the training diet for players and athletes in their charge. They know that there is nothing like 'Ovaltine' for building up physical fitness and stamina.

'Ovaltine' has also played an important part in many outstanding feats of endurance. In the last two Mount Everest Expeditions 'Ovaltine' was an essential part of the high-climbing rations. Explorers have taken it to the ends of the earth.

In everyday life, in your school work, the same fitness and vigour are just as valuable. That is why you should drink delicious 'Ovaltine' every day. It will keep you fit in body and mind and help you always to do your best.

'Ovaltine' is very easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet, so that there is no need to add sugar.

Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

For Health, Strength and Vitality



A Prime Minister's Brother

A FEW words in the news the other day would be read with deep sorrow when they reached the other side of the world, for the Prime Minister of New Zealand would learn that his brother had passed on.

It is a long time since they were growing up together in Scotland, but we are sure Mr Peter Fraser still lovingly remembers the friendship of his elder brother William, for these two boys and their father in his cobbler's shop were an affectionate brotherhood.

When W. J. Fraser passed away his only claim to publicity in the London papers was the fact that his brother Peter is Prime Minister of New Zealand. To those who worked with him, however, and who mourn his passing, no such reflected glory is necessary to keep his memory bright.

William Fraser was a proof-reader on the staff of the printers of the CN, and his kindly and gentle nature was known to all whose work brought them in contact with him. He was bright and cheerful, a man with a merry twinkle in his eye and a warm corner in his heart for all good people. He gave long and faithful service as a member of a Committee of his fellow workers, and his sane views were always listened to with respect. One who knew him and worked with him writes to us that he was truly a great gentleman, and who could have a nobler epitaph, whether Prime Minister or printer?

Very proud he was of his younger brother Peter, but Brother Peter, we are sure (for we have seen them together) was full of affectionate admiration for his brother William.

EXCUSE

Said the pompous individual, with his chest expanded, "I am a self-made man." The other looked at him critically. "Your excuse is satisfactory," he said.

Weather

WHEN the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm
We must not storm;
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather.

CATCH

WHAT is the best thing to do when an adder stings you?

Look!
An adder has no sting. It injects poison by means of a kind of hollow tooth.

Children's Colds

Rubbed away overnight!

Yes, one simple external remedy swiftly eases nose, throat, and chest. Just rubbed on, 'Vick' gives off healing vapours that clear the nose, soothe the throat. At the same time, it works on the chest like a poultice. It is this double action that routs a cold so quickly!

VICK
BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

We will give you—absolutely free—the very attractive stamp which the Free Dutch Government in London have just issued for the Dutch West Indies Islands of Curacao. This extremely handsome stamp is in two colours and shows the Dutch Flag flying over the old Fort at Saint Eustatius. Three old cannon can be seen in the foreground of the stamp, while inset is a portrait of Her Royal Highness Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands (Holland), who is now in London. The Dutch Government have told us that no more stamps will be available when present supplies are exhausted. This very interesting and historical issue should be in every collection. It will increase the value and interest of any collection, and you can get the stamp from us **Absolutely Free** by asking to see one of our Approval Selections. Also you must send us 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of our postages. Only one of these Gifts can be sent free to each applicant. Write now to: Windsor Stamp Co. (Dept. CN), Uckfield, Sussex.

A Safe Remedy for all the family

Orbridge's

Lung Tonic for **COUGHS & COLDS**

One size only 1/2 (including purchase tax)

THE BRAN TUB

Fishy

THERE was a young fellow named Fisher,
Who was fishing for fish in a fissure,
When a cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in:
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west; Saturn and Uranus are in the south-west; and Jupiter is high in the south. In the morning Mars is in the south-east; and Mercury is low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, February 10.



NAUTICAL

A MAN from town asked an old fisherman why we speak of knots at sea instead of miles. "Well, you see, sir," replied the old man, "we could not have the ocean tide if there were no knots."

WHAT DOES INTEREST MEAN?

Boy. I am very puzzled about Interest. Why is it paid, and is it fair to those who pay it?

Man. Interest is money paid for the use of money. The borrower undertakes to pay back intact the money he borrows and to pay in addition something for the use of it. The rate of interest paid is usually expressed at so much per cent, so many pounds per hundred pounds.

Interest has never been liked by public opinion, and until recent times it was scorned, and called Usury, a term of condemnation. Nowadays we use the term usury only when excessive interest is demanded, but to the Greeks and Romans usury was a term of reprobation, and so it was in later days according to the ruling of the Christian Church. Among the Jews, the taking of interest from one Jew by another was unlawful, but Jews were allowed by Jewish law to lend to Christians. That is why the Jews, as moneylenders, became disliked in those days.

Boy. Modern interest is a very different thing, I suppose?

Man. Yes; money is mainly borrowed nowadays for use in business. It is borrowed to make money, so that a fund arises out of which to pay the interest agreed upon. It is generally agreed that it is fair to pay a reasonable rate of interest for the use of money when the borrower expects to make money out of the borrowing. Because this is held to be fair, agreements to pay interest are legally valid.

Boy. When I buy a 15s Savings Certificate the Certificate states that I am entitled, ten years after the date of issue, to the sum of £1. The Government does not use my 15s to make money in business, but for war purposes, which means that the 15s is spent on such things as guns, planes, ships, munitions, and soldiers' pay. One 15s Certificate supplies a private with pay for five days. Where, then, does the money come

CORRECT

ASKED the teacher, "What is a crab?"

"A red fish that walks backward," replied the boy.

"Your answer is correct," said the teacher, "except that the crab is not red, is not a fish, and it does not walk backward."

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!

SCINTILLATE, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom thy glory specific,
Loftily poised above the capacious,
Closely resembling a gem carbonaceous.

FROZEN

IT is not often that the sea round the British Isles freezes; yet this did happen in the winter of 1895, when during January and February the cold was intense. At many places on our shores at this time vast stretches of ice could be seen. Enormous numbers of oysters, mussels, whelks, and scallops were killed by the frost. Fishes and other marine creatures were found dead or dying on the shore as the result of the severe cold.

The Boy Talks With the Man

from to pay the interest which makes up the 5s extra I am promised after ten years?

Man. The interest in this case can only be supplied by the British taxpayer, who in the future will have to find big sums to pay interest to repay the Certificates and to meet the interest on the war loans. Curiously, you will see that if all our citizens subscribed equal sums to war loans they or their heirs would pay back the loans to themselves out of the taxes levied upon them! In practice, however, people subscribe for war loans very unequally, so that in the time to come the repayments to them will also be unequal. The whole body of citizens will be taxed to pay much to those who have lent most and to repay little to those who have lent least.

Boy. Could not the Government have taken power to compel all citizens to lend money to the Government for the war without promise of interest at all?

Man. Of course they could; but the payment of a small rate of interest was regarded as encouraging and helpful to the lenders. In all countries interest is thus paid, even in Russia, where the Government encourages the citizens not only by paying four per cent on war bonds bearing interest, but even by lottery bonds. The latter are very popular because they are a gamble; they draw no interest at all, but are used as lottery tickets for the drawing of substantial prizes. That is to say, with luck, a subscriber to the lottery bond may receive far more than he has paid for his bond—at the expense, of course, of those who have no luck.

Boy. I wonder what would be said if our own Chancellor of the Exchequer made an issue of Lottery War Bonds!

Man. Perhaps they would be more popular than Football Pools, but what would happen to our reputation for sober finance I can't imagine.

PLURAL

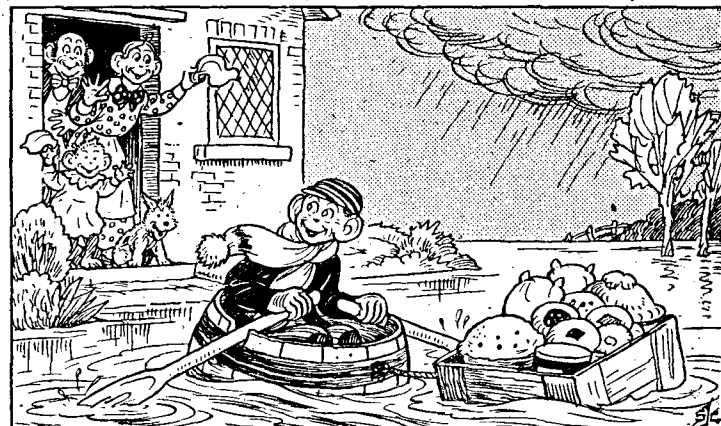
TOMMY was not paying attention to the lesson; instead, he was looking out of the classroom window.

"Now, Tommy, what is the plural of penny?" asked his teacher, anxious to test whether he had been listening.

Tommy pulled himself together.

"Er—er—" And then, his face lighting up, "Twopence!" he called out triumphantly.

Jacko Does it Again



THE February floods had set in, and the water was right up to the house. Mother Jacko was wondering how she was going to do her shopping. "You leave it to me, Mater," announced Jacko, and off he went. By and by back he came—paddling himself along in a tub, and towing a box full of provisions behind. Just for one day Jacko was not in trouble!

Wooden Oddities

MR WOODS loves wood. He lives in the Cumberland village of Skirwith, and his hobby is the collection of curiosities from trees and hedges, odd growths of branches or twigs which by some freak of nature happen to have unusual shapes.

Among his collection of over 200 pieces are fragments of wood in the shape of a dog in its kennel, a frog, a dragon, human faces and figures, a rat, and several birds. Perhaps his most surprising pieces are 26 examples of curious growths which make up the letters of the alphabet.

Canny

IT is said of the fishermen of British Columbia, who prepare large quantities of tinned salmon, that, after a large catch of fish, what they can they eat, and what they can't they can.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Climber
It took the boy 17 minutes to climb up the pole. In 16 minutes he would have climbed 16 feet, and the next minute, having climbed four more feet, he was at the top.

Missing: Slate, tales, steal, stale, least.

E	C	O	N	O	M	Y	R
C	U	A	V	A	T	E	
R	T	I	A	R	E	D	
H	U	R	L	E	R	N	E
U	S	A		R	O	E	
B	A	G	S		T	E	R
A	G	E	L	E	S	S	
R	E	O	R	A	T	E	
B	H	E	A	R	S	A	Y



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels, and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere, 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'